Moreover, however famous this portico may be . . . Romanesque art is never more beautiful than at its purest; a certain ostentation here; profuse ornamentation; a Latin elegance. . . *

That Flaubert should have fought all his life, worn himself out, against that negative thing: human stupidity! . . . Toward the end of his life he had ceased hunting anything but this game.

He became angry or poked fun at expressions such as *"le fond de lair"*[27] But what could he do about it? The expression wins out over him; it expresses excellently what it sets out to say; and when his mother said to him: "My child, cover yourself; the depths of the air are cold,[3]* she meant by this that he should not trust to the temperature of sheltered spots where the sun had somewhat wanned the air, but that in open places where, as soon as the least breath blew, etc. , . . In thirty words I barely succeed in expressing what that banal phrase says so simply.

CHARACTERS

The inconsistent, incoherent creature; you never find him like what he was when you saw him the day before.

Noteworthy that the poisonous animals are those that *do not per-*

Edge of the Garonne, 18 August

Feel voluptuously that it is more natural to go to bed naked than in a nightshirt. My window was wide open and the moon shone directly on my bed. I remembered with anguish the beautiful night of the Ramier; but I felt no desire, either in my heart or in my mind any more than in my flesh. With what stiflings would I have heard last year Armand's flute, this evening calling me doubtfully in the darkness. O stammering melody, how I loved you on the edge of the desert! . . . But this was not even a regret; I was calm.

Ax-les-Themes, Thursday

Arrived at ten p.m. No room in the Hotel Sicre; at this season of the year it amounts to insulting M. Sicre to suppose that he has one. The hotel porter leads us out on the road to Spain until we reach one of the last

[27] "The depths of the air.**